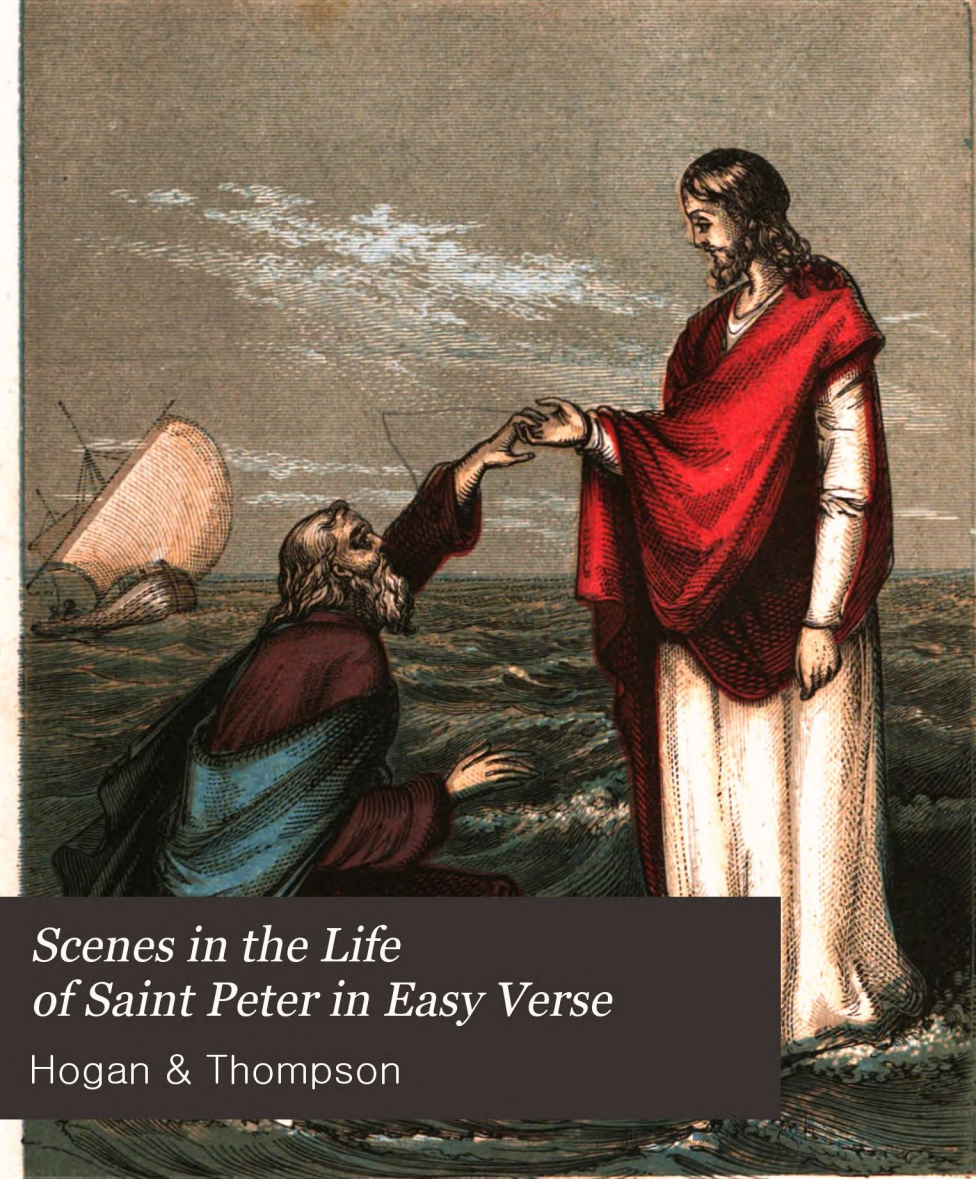




*Scenes in the Life
of Saint Peter in Easy Verse*

Hogan & Thompson

Name

Lytha Reed

Albany.

My / my
Henry Temple Chapman.
From his
Affectionate Aunt.

42X50

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"Save, Lord, or I Perish."

BRILLIANT DELICATA, ONE,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGN.

Printed in Oil Colours by Hogan & Thompson.

PHILADELPHIA.

HOGAN & THOMPSON.

1860.



"Save, Lord, or I Perish."

THE
GOOD CHILD'S LIBRARY.

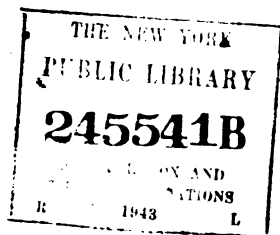
SECOND BOOK.

SCENES
IN THE
LIFE OF SAINT PETER.

In Easy Verse.

WITH
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS,
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,
Printed in Oil Colours by Hogan & Thompson.

PHILADELPHIA:
HOGAN & THOMPSON.
1850.



Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by

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PREFACE.

THE object of the "GOOD CHILD'S LIBRARY," is to encourage a taste for Scripture reading, by presenting some of the most interesting portions of the New Testament narrative, in the attractive form of verse. While the children read these verses, they will not only become acquainted with the principal events in the lives of our Blessed Saviour and His Apostles—their travels, their sufferings and their death,—but they will see that the Bible is a readable book, and a book that may be read every day, without any fear of becoming the unhappy being that some persons suppose; and besides this, the tone which is given to the affections, the minds, and the morals of children by such reading, is of almost infinite value.

In order to combine things pleasing and things useful, to the greatest possible extent, the publishers have gotten up at a great expense, especially for this work, some of the most beautiful Scripture

designs that have ever been published. These pictures are printed in Oil Colours—an expensive, but a finished and highly artistical process, of which the publishers are the originators in this country. Each history is illustrated handsomely with them.

There is in all twelve books; each book being complete in itself, and containing a full history.

The “GOOD CHILD’S LIBRARY” is composed of the following books :

Scenes in the Life of the Saviour.	Scenes in the Lives of St. Philip, St.
Scenes in the Life of St. Peter.	Bartholomew, and St. Thomas.
Scenes in the Life of St. John.	Scenes in the Lives of St. Andrew,
Scenes in the Life of St. Paul.	St. James, and St. James the Less.
Scenes in the Lives of St. Matthew,	The Sermon on the Mount.
St. Jude, and St. Simon.	The Parables of the Saviour.
Scenes in the Lives of St. Stephen,	The Miracles of the Saviour.
Timothy, St. Mark, and St. Luke.	Texts for Children.

The Publishers have in preparation another series, embracing Scenes in the Lives of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Kings, illustrative of the Old Testament Scriptures, to be gotten up in the same style as the present series.

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IN THE

LIFE OF SAINT PETER.

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SCENES
IN THE
LIFE OF SAINT PETER.

I.

THE DISCIPLES.

THE Saviour, when to earth he came,
To preach the blessed word
Of life to sinful, dying men,
And raise them up to God;

He came with lowly mind and meek,
With poverty oppress'd,
The wandering and the lost to seek,
And give the weary rest.

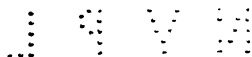
THE END

He came with humble loneliness,
With heart o'erflow'd with grief,
The lonely, sorrowing heart to bless,
With heavenly relief.

He came to Judah's sacred land,
And chose, of humble grade,
The Twelve,—a firm, devoted band,
And them Disciples made.

He chose them to be near His side,
To hear His words, and prove
To all the listening world beside
The wonders of His love.

He gave them power to teach, and do
The wonders He should show;
That they might prove His Gospel true,
Wherever they should go.



He did not choose them to be rich,
With worldly wealth or fame;
But told them they should suffer much,
In making known His name.

Of one of these this book will tell,
His history relate;
If you his life will ponder well,
'Twill make you good and great.

II.

PETER--HIS FIRST CALL.

I'LL tell you now of Peter bold;—
A fisherman was he,
And with his brother Andrew, dwelt
Far down beside the sea.

He had a generous, noble mind,
Free as the ocean's wave;
And as you read these lines, you'll find
Him tender, good and brave.

To him, the humble fisherman,
When in his sea-side home,
His brother Andrew came, and said,
"Messias, Christ has come."

He in the Prophets read of Christ,
Or heard his fathers tell
How Christ, the Son of God, should come,
With men on earth to dwell.

He long'd to see the Holy One,
Messias, promised long—
Of whom great kings their tidings wrote,
And Prophets hymn'd their song.

He left his home, he left his all,
And came the Lord to see;
And heard, amazed, the Heavenly call—
“Come thou and follow Me.”

He heard the call, and wondering stood;
Its power was not discern'd;
He did not then declare his choice,
But to his home return'd.

Perhaps he had not faith, when first
The Saviour call'd his name;
But doubted much within his mind
Whether from Heaven He came.



III.

HIS SECOND CALL.

BUT Jesus saw his noble mind,
His spirit bold and free,
And made it sure the fisherman
Should His Disciple be.

The humble man pursued his toil,
The hardy fisher's life;
And rode upon the billowy sea,
And braved the tempest's strife.

Yet still, where'er he went, he saw
The Saviour's smiling face;
And thought he heard His winning voice,
Of melody and grace.

He felt his heart grow sad at times,
When o'er the wave he'd roam;
And think of Him of whom 'twas said—
“Messias, Christ, is come.”

Once, by the Lake Gennesaret,
Worn out with fruitless care,
As in his fishing ship he sat,
And did his nets prepare:

The Saviour came with lowly mien,
And saw that he was faint,—
But Peter knew not that 'twas He,
And made his loud complaint:

“All night I've labour'd here for nought,
And cast my net in vain;
No fish in all these hours have caught:
I cannot draw again.”

But Jesus said,—“Launch out the ship—
Let down the net again
On the right side, into the deep;
You shall not draw in vain.”

The fishermen, with doubting, looked,
And Peter doubted too;
But they were, by the Saviour's looks,
Assured His words were true.

They cast; when lo! a multitude
Of fishes they did take
So great,—the men with wonder stood,
And saw their net did break.

Then Peter saw, amazed with fear,
It was the Christ, indeed,
Who called him once with welcome voice,
But to Him, gave no heed.

He saw at once, it was the Power,
That ruled the earth and sea;
His soul, with grief within him bowed,
He bent the lowly knee:—

“O Lord! I am a sinful man—
I have a wicked heart;
I fear Thy Power, and I would fain,
Have Thee from me depart.”

But Jesus, smiling, raised him up,
And spake the call again,—
“Come follow Me, and thee I’ll make,
A Fisherman of men.”

At once, with free, and happy heart,
He brought his ship to land;
Forsaking all, he followed Christ,
Fulfilling His command.

IV.

HE WALKS ON THE WATER.

THE Saviour's fame spread far and wide,
And thousands throng'd to hear
The blessed words of truth He spake,
And see with trembling fear,

The works of wondrous power and might,
He wrought with voice and hand:—
The sick were heal'd, and devils fled
Away at His command.

Once, by the Sea of Gallilee,
He sent the twelve away
Across the Sea to sail alone,
While He remain'd to pray.

The night came on, the sky grew dark,
The ship was tempest-toss'd,
Their hearts within them quaked with fear,
They gave up all for lost.

They watch'd for morning anxiously;
When through the howling storm,
Walking upon the distant waves,
They saw their Master's form.

New fears now seize their sinking souls;
—They knew not He was nigh,—
His voice was heard above the storm,—
“Fear not,” he said, “’tis I!”

Their fears were now exchanged for joy,
They knew that He would save;
And Peter cried—“O bid me come
To Thee upon the wave.”

“Thou may’st,” the Saviour sweetly said;
He left the ship, and mock’d
The raging waves, and toward the Lord,
Upon their tops he walk’d.

But see! the winds are howling round,—
The waves roll higher still,—
He hears the tempest waxing loud,
And fear his heart doth fill.

He sinks! see, now he’s sinking fast,
Beneath the fearful wave;
But lifts his voice and cries aloud,
“I perish, Lord! O! save.”

The Saviour to his rescue comes,
With hands of might stretch’d out;
“O! thou of little faith,” He says,
“Say, wherefore didst thou doubt?”

He raised him up with gentle hand,
Above the swelling tide,
And kindly bore him o'er each wave,
To where the ship did ride.

He calm'd the sea, He hush'd the wind,
He bade the tempest stay;
And sweetly smiling on the twelve,
They onward coursed their way.

V.

HIS BOLD CONFESSION.

AS each new scene through which he pass'd,
Each trial that he bore,
Display'd His Master's grace and strength,
He learn'd to love Him more.

His faith grew firm and firmer still,
E'en as his love grew warm;
And day and night was always found
Close to the Saviour's form.

Though many trials press'd him sore,
Because of Jesus' name,
He bore them all with hardy soul,
Nor cared for power or fame.

He saw the Saviour's heavenly mind,
He knew His lovely soul;
He saw Him heal the sick and lame,
And make the wounded whole.

He knew that heavenly power must dwell
Within the Saviour's form;—
He saw Him feed the multitude,
And calm the angry storm.

He saw that He loved all mankind,
And wish'd to give them rest;
His enemies He did not spurn,
But sought to make them blest.

He cast out devils by His power,
He spoke men's sins forgiven;
He pointed weary souls to God,
And led them up to heaven.

And Peter's heart grew bolder still;
He felt this was the Lord;
For all things did at once submit
Unto His power and word.

But Peter's heart was grieved within,
To hear the sinful speech
Of men, blaspheming His dear name
Who came the world to teach.

Some call'd Him devil; others said,—
“He works the devil's will;”
That all His mighty works were wrought
By wicked power and skill.

But at Philippi, once,—the twelve,
The Master call'd to Him;
And said—“Whom do the people say,
That I, your Master, am!”

They said—"Some say that you are he,
Who in the desert came;
And told the many multitudes,
Messiah's blessed name.

"Some say, that thou art he who went
To heaven wrapp'd in fire;
And others, thou that Prophet art
Who struck the weeping lyre."

He, smiling, said,—“But whom say ye
That I, your Master, am?”
They look'd amazed, but did not tell
His blessed, holy name.

They follow'd Him, as one that *taught*;
But fear'd the rulers' might;
They therefore answer'd not at all,—
They could not answer right.

But *Peter*, bold, and full of faith,
And love that cast out fear,
Answer'd with fearless voice the Lord,
Nor counted *his* life dear.

He made confession there in full,
Of all his soul conceived;
And told the Lord, and told the rest,
Just what his mind believed.

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of God,—
Of Him who lives on high,
Who made the earth, who made the sea,
And form'd the starry sky."

Then Jesus blest his noble heart,
And said his word was true;
So true,—'twas like a rock, on which
He'd build all things anew.

He said—"And I will give to thee
The glorious keys of Heaven,
And thou shalt show the happy way,
To men on earth forgiven."

O! happy man; O! Peter, blest;
The Saviour smiled on thee;
When first He saw; when first He said—
"Come thou, and follow me."

VI.

CHRIST REBUKES HIM.

THE Saviour's favour made him bold,
And moved within him *pride*;
He thought the Master loved him more
Than all the world beside.

When pride gets up within the heart,
It makes us talk and boast,
Of what we *can*, and what we'll *do*,
Whatever it may cost.

The best of men sometimes betray,
This pride within their breast;
They do not feel so happy then,
It takes away their rest.

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And Peter, though the Saviour loved
And honour'd him of late,
Show'd out this pride, and made a boast,
That he was very great.

The Saviour had just told the twelve,
All that the Prophets spake,
How He should suffer, bleed and die,
For man, the sinner's sake.

That soon His enemies would come,
And they should suffer loss,
For He should then be torn away,
And nail'd upon the cross.

This made the rest feel very sad,
Their heads hung heavily ;
But Peter said, with boasting voice,—
“This shall not come to Thee.”

“While I have strength a sword to use,
Thine enemies I’ll slay,
And leave them prostrate on the field,
And bear Thee safe away.”

The Saviour turn’d with eye severe,
And said,—“Haste, get thee hence,
Thou dost not know the things of God,
To me thou’rt an offence.

“For those that follow me must die,
Amid a glorious strife;
Thou canst not my disciple be,
If thou dost love thy life.”

The Saviour did not love him less,
But kept him near His side;
And gave him this severe rebuke,
That he might banish pride.

VII.

HIS ANXIOUS QUESTION.

ONCE, Peter came to Christ and said,
“Lord, I’ve forsaken all,
And follow’d thee thus far along,
Obedient to thy call.

“I’ve left my home, I’ve left my friends
To follow thee; and *more*,—
I’ve suffer’d many things for thee,—
What shall I have, therefore?

“What wilt thou give me for the toil,
And sufferings I endure?
What blessings to repay my pains,
Wilt thou to me secure?

“I follow thee where thou dost go;
Though poor, I feel I’m blest;
When shall I see these trials o’er,
And find a place of rest?

“The Prophets say thou art a King;
And *thou* dost say, thou art;
Shall I thy blessed kingdom see,
And in it bear a part?”

“Impatient one! though thou dost know,
That I am Christ the Lord,
Thou art not yet prepared to know,
The meaning of my word.

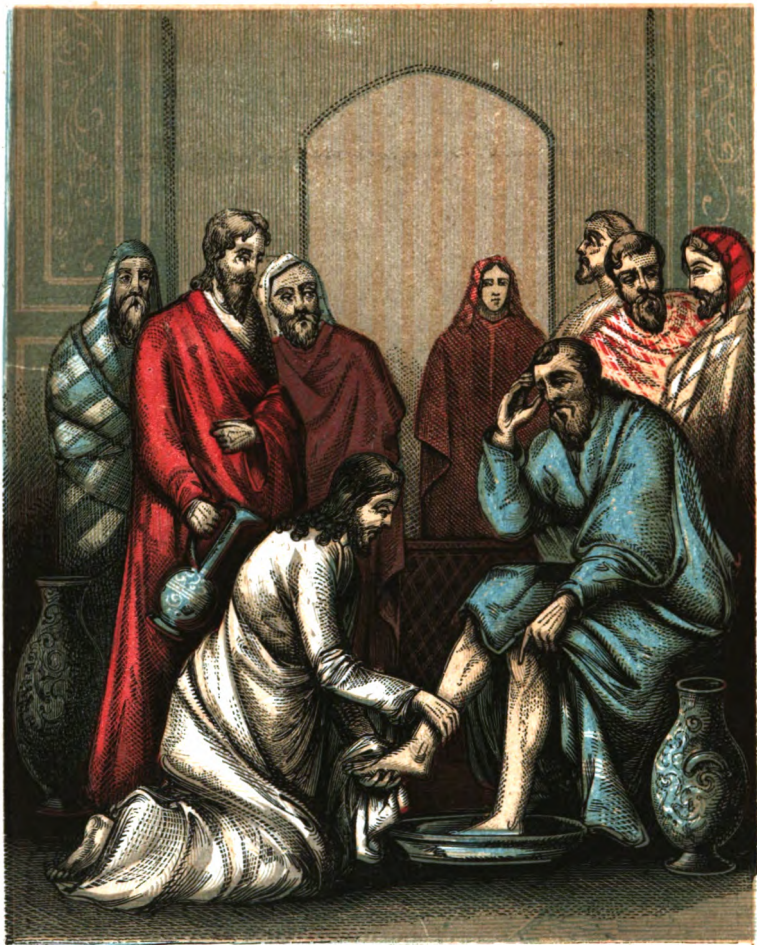
“I am a King,—thou hast said well,
My kingdom is above,
And those who follow me, I’ll bring,
Around my throne of love.

“And I will make of thee a king,
If thou dost faithful prove,
And follow me through all my life,
With constant, earnest love.”



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Christ Washing Peter's Feet.

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the other.



Christ Washing Peter's Feet.

VIII.

CHRIST WASHES HIS FEET.

THE Saviour show'd unto the twelve,
His great humility,
And often taught them by His words,
That *they* should humble be.

And often said too, by His *acts*,
“This is the way to go;”
His deeds, *this* language seem'd to speak,—
“Do, as you see me do.”

Once, after supper, Jesus came,
To where the twelve did sit;
And pouring water in a dish,
Began to wash their feet.

They yielded to His humble will,
But thought it strange that He,
The Saviour of mankind, should show
Such great humility.

But when He came to Peter bold,
And sought to wash *his* feet,
Bold Peter said, "that cannot be,
For *Thee*, it is not meet.

"Thou art too great and powerful,
Benevolent and kind
To do to me an act like this,
And show such humble mind."

But Jesus, turning to him, said,
With earnest, loving heart,
"Unless thou let'st me wash thy feet,
With me thou hast no part."

And Peter,—learning to obey,
All of his Lord's commands,—
Said, "do not wash my feet alone,
But wash my head, my hands."



D

IX.

HE DEFENDS HIS MASTER.

BUT Peter still was very bold,
As you will clearly see,
If you will read these verses through,
And read attentively

When Jesus from the garden came,
Where He had gone to pray;
His enemies came out with staves,
As if they would Him slay.

And while the rest who with him stood,
Were overwhelm'd with fear,
Brave Peter drew his sword and smote,
The High Priest's servant's ear.

And would have slain His enemies,
But Jesus bade him stay,
And not to raise his arm in strife,
But put his sword away.

Christ's Kingdom is not one of strife,
It does not shed men's blood
But by the teaching of the truth,
It means to do them good.

X.

HE DENIES HIS MASTER.

THOUGH he was bold, and boasted loud,
He loved his master well;
Yet he as loudly did deny,
He knew the Lord at all.

It seems so strange, and makes us sad,
Because it is so true,
That he should curse and swear and say
"The Lord I never knew."

'Twas when the Saviour was arraign'd,
At Pilate's wicked bar,
That Peter, with some mocking ones
Stood in the hall afar.

Why did he not with courage stand,
Beside his Master there,
And bold confront his enemies,
At Pilate's wicked bar?

But while he stood so far away,
There came a servant-maid,
And looking into Peter's face,
Turn'd to the rest and said:

"I've seen this man along with him
Whom many people blame;"
But Peter said,—“It is not so,
I cannot be the same.”

Again she look'd, and said again,
“I'm sure that this is he,
But Peter answer'd her, “'Tis not;
It must some other be.”

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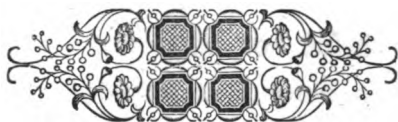
She said again, "I *know* thou'rt he,
Thy speech betrays thee, too;"
'Twas then he cursed and swore, and said,
"The man I never knew."

Three times did he deny his Lord,
His Master and his friend;
E'en Him, he pledged so faithfully
To follow to the end.

But why, before a servant-maid,
Should he so fearful be,
Who seem'd so bold before, to men,
And walked upon the sea?

A fear came over Peter's heart;
His words did cowardly
Deny that e'er he knew the man,
For fear that he should die.

We see that brave and good men too,
Sometimes fall into sin;
And do those things, for which they feel,
Most sorrowful within.



XI.

HIS REPENTANCE.

BUT when a good man does a fault,
He straightway doth repent;
The suffering that he's caused to bear,
Is fearful punishment.

It was a sinful act, that he,
Should so deny His name;
The Master looked with tearful eye,
Which fill'd him full of shame.

The Saviour there was all alone,
For not a friend was near;
It made His heart feel grieved and sad,
His Peter's words to hear.





Peter's Repentance after Denying his Master.

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He therefore turn'd and look'd with tears,
And seem'd to say, "Wilt *thou*,
My boldest friend at other times,
Wilt thou forsake me now?"

His look and tears broke Peter's heart,
His soul was sore within;
He did not rest, till he did seek,
Repentance for his sin.

He did repent with tears and grief;
Again to Jesus came,
Confessing he had evil been,
Acknowledging his shame.

Repentance true is from the heart;
Confessing all its sin;
And brings to him who doth confess,
Great joy and peace within.

Let all repent of every sin,
And turn with one accord,
Unto the blest Redeemer's love,
Who saves us by His word,



XII.

CHRIST'S APPEAL TO HIM.

JESUS, according to His word,
At Pilate's bar was tried,
Convicted, and condemn'd to die;
And Him they crucified.

They laid Him in the guarded tomb;
But this was all in vain;
For soon He burst the bars of death
And came to life again.

He met His friends, and talk'd with them
For forty days below,
And gave them words of love, before
To Heaven He should go.

And just before He rose on high,
He look'd with fervent love
On Peter, and to him did say:
"Wilt thou forever prove,

"Faithful to me when I am gone?
And wilt thou ever be
Content to suffer *s'ame* or *die*?
Come, tell me—Lovest thou me?

"Say, dost thou love me in thy heart,
With fervent love and pure?
And wilt thou ever *keep* thy love,
And to the end endure?

"Full many trials thou must bear,
And own with joy my name;
And is thy love to me so strong,
To bear the cross and shame?"

And Peter felt much grieved at heart,
To think his Lord should speak,
With doubt to him about his love;
He felt his heart would break.

“O! Master, Thou know’st all things well,
Thou know’st my inmost heart,
Thou know’st I love Thee; and from Thee,
My love can ne’er depart.”

The Saviour said—“Then feed my sheep
And lambs, and thus thou’lt prove,
To all around thee, and to me,
Thy strong and constant love.

XIII.

HE PREACHES ON THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

THE Saviour had ascended high,
To plead for dying men ;
And said—He'd send the Spirit down,
To give them life again.

'Twas on the Day of Pentecost,
The Holy Spirit came,
And rested o'er the brows of men,
Like cloven tongues of flame.

The place, it was Jerusalem,
And many thousands there,
Had come from all the world around,
To offer praise and prayer.

Then Peter boldly rose, and stood
Before the multitude,
And said—"Ye men of Israel come
And hearken to my word."

He boldly spake the word of life,
And proved the Gospel true;
He charged them with the death of Christ,
But said, "He died for you."

"And though this speech may cost me dear,
I fearlessly proclaim,
To all who hear me, that you have
Salvation in His Name."

How different this, from when he stood
In Pilate's trial hall,
And with a coward tongue denied,
He knew the Lord at all.

His head did then hang down with shame,
But now he lifts it high;
He fear'd a maiden *then*, but *now*
He boldly dares to die!

His tongue *then* feebly spake, but now
He long and loudly pleads;
His soul then faint, was now inspired
With great, heroic deeds.

I think I see him standing there,
The noble, great and good,
Unfolding all the words of life,
To the vast multitude.

His countenance, it glows with love,
His eye with light serene;
He spreads his hands and lifts his form,
A noble, saintly mien!

And now he speaks with words severe,
Exposing all their sin;
Anon, he uses tender words
Of love, almost divine.

He moves the thronging multitude,
Like waves, toss'd by the wind;
And makes it seem obedient to
The workings of his mind.

Three thousand souls that noted day,
The word of truth received,
And turn'd away from sinful ways,
Repented and believed.

Through all the world till time shall end,
The glories of that day
Shall be proclaim'd—the happy hour,
When thousands learn'd to pray.

E*

XIV.

HE IS IN PRISON AND ESCAPES.

THEN Herod bold, stretch'd forth his hand,
The men of God to kill;
And James, John's brother, then was slain,
Obedient to his will.

And finding that it pleased the Jews,
He further did proceed;
And being mad, he halted not
For any wicked deed.

He fix'd his eye on Peter, too,
And with most base intent,
He took him, and imprison'd him,
To keep for punishment.



The Angel in the Garden of Gethsemane

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BY
JOHN B. HENNINGSEN
AND
JOHN C. HENNINGSEN
NEW YORK
1911



The Angel taking Peter out of Prison.

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He thought he'd keep him in the jail,
Until a certain day;
Then bring him out before the Jews,
And give him for a prey.

But once, while sleeping in the Jail,
'Twas in the dead of night,
There came an Angel of the Lord,
And fill'd the place with light.

Now he between two soldiers lay,
But heavy were their eyes;
And Peter's chains fell off his hands;
The Angel bade him rise..

"Come, rise up quickly, follow on,
And I will set you free;
For God has heard the many prayers
Thy friends have pray'd for thee."

He follow'd on,—the prison doors
For them did open wide,
He wist not how it came to pass,
But follow'd straight his guide.

And when they reach'd the open street,
The Angel left him there;
And instantly he made his way
Unto the house of prayer.

He met his friends, and all were glad,
And fill'd with Christian peace;
They heard with wonder and with praise,
The tale of his release.

Prayer opens prison doors, and breaks
The chains from off our hands,
And makes the heart obedient to
An Angel's sweet commands.

How easy, when our hearts are right,
It is for us to pray;
And prayer, in *sorrow*, makes us smile;
Turns darkness into day.



XV.

HE SUFFERS MARTYRDOM.

HE labour'd long, he labour'd hard,
He labour'd far and nigh;
And soon came round the solemn hour,
When he must yield to *die*.

He went to *Rome*, where *Nero* dwelt,
That wicked, cruel king,
And there the word of truth and life,
To multitudes did bring.

How bold he must have been, to brave
This wicked, wrathful prince;
But he had learn'd to do God's will,
And trust in Providence.

But Nero seized him, and condemn'd
This noble man to die;
He met his doom without a fear,
Without a tear or sigh.

They rear'd up high the cruel cross—
(For he was crucified)—
“O! no”—said he—“it is not meet;
'Twas thus my Master died.

“But if 'tis so, that on the cross
I must a sufferer be,
My head turn downwards to the earth—
I would not die as *He*.”

They crucified him as he wish'd;
And soon his spirit rose
Away from toil, away from earth,
Above all mortal woes.

And now in Heaven, at God's right hand,
He is forever blest;
And joys that after all his toils,
He's found a place of rest.

————— 20 THE END. 20 —————



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